

THE INDEPENDENT

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HELENA, MONT., NOV. 10, 1889.

THE MONTANA CONSPIRACY.

St. Louis Republic: The expectation that the decision of the courts would deter the republicans from carrying out their conspiracy to steal the Montana Senators gave credit where none was due. It expected a semblance of respect for law from men who are entirely lawless. The courts having forbidden the violation of law by the canvassing board in Silver Bow County, the situation has only been changed in that the state canvassing board has done what the county board was restrained from doing. The state board throws out the deciding precinct on the ground that the judges and clerks signed the return on the wrong lines on the blank. The democrats have a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, the democratic members being properly accredited by the county clerks as the law directs. The republican returning board has attempted to usurp authority to accredit members, and it is the intention of the conspirators to organize the legislature on these bogus certificates. In order to prevent the democrats from again appealing to the courts, the republicans have adjourned the state canvassing board sine die.

In stealing the presidency in 1876, the republicans operated under forms of law. In this attempt to steal permanent control of the senate they make no pretence of operating under law. Finding the law against them, they break it without concealment. The canvassing boards they have converted into returning boards are prohibited from exercising any control whatever in elections. Their work is to summarize the returns certified to them. Instead of doing so, they have only counted so much of the votes as suited them, and they are now attempting to usurp the authority vested by law in judges of election and county clerks.

This is a form of anarchy with which it is hard to deal. The great temptation it offers in Montana to those who see that the law does not check it, is to disregard the law and appeal to violence against fraud. While The Republic hopes that this temptation will be resisted, it expects the democrats of Montana to hold their own. They have elected the legislature; they are entitled to elect the senators. The question of right and wrong involved admits of no compromise. The conspiracy to steal the senators must be resisted to any extreme to which it is pushed.

A SIGNIFICANT CHANGE.

Our republican exchanges are filled with alarm and lamentations over the loss of the German vote in Ohio and Iowa. In Cincinnati where Foraker had six thousand more votes than his competitor two years ago, he is beaten by that figure this year. It was the Germans that did it, but the republican doctors disagree as to why they did it. Outside republican journals say it was because of too stringent excise laws, but Doctor Murat Halstead says it was on account of the Sunday blue laws.

The Denver Republican is more frank and gives what is probably the true reason. The Germans are naturally democrats. As long as war issues were uppermost they generally voted with the republicans; but as new issues arose they began to drift back to the other party and they are now independent voters or democrats.

More than that a majority of the German voters are probably back in the democratic party to stay. They are reading, intelligent men who are quick to catch the drift of the times and they have discovered that the republican party has ceased to progress. The Harrison administration has been one of false pretenses. It has attempted none of the things that were promised for it and in its tone and personnel it is no better than the administration of Grant. The vote in all the states that held elections on Tuesday showed that thousands of intelligent voters are not satisfied with the present administration and it is not surprising that so many German voters were among the number.

Not only the Germans but the intelligent Scandinavian voters as well are drifting towards democracy and every day the republican leaders and newspapers are growing more spiteful in their references to the foreign vote. It was Headman Clarkson, Mr. Harrison's assistant postmaster-general, who spoke so savagely of this class of voters in Iowa

as "an European or foreign horde of population."

The high-handed work of Blake and his associates on the state returning board in carrying out the work of the Silver Bow thieves meets with even stronger condemnation from the press of the country than the work of Jack and Hall. Not a single journal in the land, outside of Mr. R. B. Harrison's personal organ, fully justifies the crime. There are a few apologetic sheets but they are the exception to the rule. The independent journals universally denounce the steal in unmeasured terms. The Philadelphia Record thus scores the thieves:

The republican state canvassing board in Montana, disregarding the mandate of the court, has confirmed the illegal act of the county canvassers in Silver Bow County and thrown out enough votes to give a majority in the legislature to their own party. It does not seem possible that this high-handed proceeding can have the countenance of honorable men in any party, or that it can be carried further without indignant repudiation on the part of the leaders of the party that is expected to profit by it. It is such an overthrow of public right as would justify a resort to violent means of resistance and reclamation by the people of Montana.

How long will the scoundrels dare defy the law?

The attempted steal of Montana by the republicans was a warning which the democrats all over the country heeded. In Iowa, on Tuesday night, the moment that secretary Hunter, of the democratic state committee became assured of the success of Mr. Boies he at once dispatched telegrams to the chairman of every democratic county committee in the state, instructing them to watch the returns carefully and to look out for any tampering with the count. "We have carried Iowa for the democracy at last," he said, "and we don't intend to have any Montana game played on us now."

This latest record breaker in three-year-olds is Senator Stanford's filly Sunol. Yesterday afternoon she trotted a mile over the Bay District track in San Francisco in 2:10½, lowering the recent record of the three-year-old Ax-tell by one and one-half seconds. This great performance is another proof of the excellence of the Pacific coast climate for race horses. The records of Montana horses this season have shown that a dry, altitudinal climate is quite as beneficial for the development of speed.

We cordially invite our esteemed and sterling democratic contemporary, the Miner, to come into the United States. It still announces at the head of its editorial columns that it is published in "Butte City, Montana Territory." Up here we have been under the flag for forty hours and have seen enough to know that the Miner will like it immensely.

AMOS J. CUKINGS, the successor to Sunset Cox in congress, got more than 15,000 votes to 24 for his opponent. It is lucky for Cummings that he did not live in Montana, however, for canvassers Blake, White and Walker would have given the other fellow the certificate.

VIEWING the situation at long range the Providence Journal thinks it has discovered that "Russell Harrison is waiting anxiously for the courts of Montana to declare it a republican state so that he can return to its open arms."

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, once said that John Sherman's smile reminded him of an arctic sunbeam playing on a graveyard. Sherman's smile on the morning after the Ohio election was of a more cheerful character, however.

IN 1865, according to Judge Hedges' interesting reminiscences in yesterday's Herald, pies sold in Helena for a dollar apiece in gold and the undercrust was brown paper at that. No wonder the vigilantes were needed.

"MIGHT have been worse," is the only consolation the Chicago Inter Ocean can find for the recent election results. This is a very grim sort of satisfaction to the party that is accustomed to claim everything.

NEXT week will probably see one or more Montana legislatures assembled in Helena. It all depends upon how far the state stealers are prepared to carry their lawlessness.

THE attention of the Montana republicans should be turned to New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Ohio and Iowa. It is a promising field for election thieves.

PERHAPS the Helena Journal will be printed in blue ink after Montana has elected two democratic United States senators.

The republican who can "save" Montana in this terrible emergency will be rewarded with a first-class office.—Chicago Herald.

HE does not exist.

On, ho! Returning Board White for the United States senate! That was it, eh?

THE Journal is a red revolutionist.

Zola on the French President.

From a Paris interview: "Carnot is indeed the pearl of functionaries. Was there ever a president like him? A man who takes his trade to heart and who tries to prove, as in the case of kings, that exactitude is the politeness of a president of the French republic. M. Carnot is rather the chief of a bureau than a president. He has the punctuality, the well-balanced mind, the pleasant manners and solemn air that belongs to such a chief. This attitude has completely won for him the sympathies of the crowd that in the campaign of insults through which we have just passed he alone was spared. Not a single word splash has reached his faultless overcoat."

MR. WATERSON JUBILANT.

How the Kentucky Editor Felt Over the Result of the Election.

The returns take one's breath away. As was once said by a distinguished citizen of Kentucky on a famous occasion, "Groundswell be dam'd! It is an earthquake!" Such will certainly be the feeling among the republicans of the United States this morning.

They have lost here and they have lost there. They have been caught coming and they have been caught going. They are down in the east and they are down in the west. It is so bad that the new states—not even the Montana steal—will avail them anything whatever. It is a democratic cyclone from Cape Cod to Kalamazoo, from Alpha to Omega, from hell to breakfast!

Nothing but democratic gains. Democratic victories everywhere. In Massachusetts. In New York. In New Jersey. But best of all, and blessed of all in Ohio and Iowa.

We take no account of Virginia; because we have never regarded the result there as in the smallest degree uncertain. From the first Mahone's doom was sealed. He was playing the gambler's last stake and the loss of all was inevitable. This will be the end of him.

The defeat of Foraker of Ohio seems to be conceded at this hour—3 o'clock a. m. The tidings will bring joy to many hearts, and not all of them democratic hearts either. The governor has been an ugly partisan. But he has been a thorn in the side of his own political associates, too. This winds him up. It cooks his goose. No longer will he worry anybody—not even Sherman, Butterworth or Grosvenor. It retires him to obscurity. It removes him from the list of presidential possibilities. It is his Waterloo.

That this is an off year is very true. But the significance of yesterday's vote cannot be over-stated. Half a year ago, the administration seemed impregnable. Six months of blundering, not unminged with scandal, have done the business for Mr. Harrison and his political family. The country has been outraged. The people have been disgusted. And this is the beginning of the end.

Let democrats everywhere be of good cheer. Let them lift up their hearts. Let them cleave together, one to another, and standing thus shoulder to shoulder, let them march forward to the triumph that awaits us in 1892. Time will only make it worse for the republicans. Within two years, they will have squandered the surplus, and be reduced to the necessity of borrowing money to supply the wants of the government. They bought in last time. Next time, they will be kicked out, and money will not save them. It is written in the stars, which fight for us.

So, hurrah for the red, white and blue, and hurrah for the unfettered democracy, and down with boodle, fraud and buncombe!—Courier-Journal.

A Good Word for Power.

Butte Miner: To the credit of Thomas C. Power, who was in court yesterday when the proclamation furor arose, be it said, that his temperate counsel was that of a good citizen and it made him many friends. Knowles and Campbell, on the contrary, talked and acted as though they would enjoy a free fight in the temple of justice; in which event, however, it is probable that they would have placed themselves under the immediate protection of the sheriff or jumped out of a window, thirty feet or more from the ground.

CROSS-CUTS.

You never eat peanuts, of course, but under the name of "Algerian almonds" they should taste as sweet.—Boston Commonwealth.

A Danville editor has written a song entitled "I am Glad I Said Yes." He is to be excused, for he didn't know at the time what a headache he would have the next morning.—Rochester Herald.

"Uncle Pete, were you ever a slave? "Be-fo' de wah, yes, chile." "What is your last name?" "Harrison, sah." "The same as the president's?" "Yes, chile. But he ain't no relation ob mine."—Society.

"Why are you so sad?" asked one young Pittsburgher of another. "I'm thinking of Sue Fitzgery," was the reply; "I fear her fate is false." Well, it would not surprise me if it is. I know her teeth and hair are.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Ferment means to work," said the teacher to the language class. "Now each of you write a sentence containing the words." This was what Tommy Cusmo, who reads the papers, wrote: "Tramps do not like to ferment."—Time.

"Force, gentlemen," said the professor, "and power are not always found in large bodies. Sometimes the smallest thing will be more powerful than great ones. Can you give me an illustration, Mr. Rowlin?"

"The ace of trumps, sir," replied the student.—Lawrence American.

Why is it the railways do not charge in the same way for carrying passengers as they do for carrying freight, that is to say, so much a pound? Why should thin men have to pay the same fare as fat men, when it takes less engine power to haul them?—Dundas (Ontario) Banner.

Traveler—This umbrella once belonged to Lord Tennyson.

Goggle-eyes—You don't say so! How did you come to get it?

"I was having a lunch at the Adelphi one day and he dropped in to have a bite, too. I left before he did."—Grip.

The time of the year is coming. Ah, yes, 'tis near at hand. When the man with pretty daughter is the saddest in the land.

'Tis when the winter evenings come, Then, bless her dear young soul, She sits up with her best young man And burns her father's coal.

—Kearney Enterprise.

In a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: "We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man standing outside the door come in and make certain whether she is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught."—Frankfurter Zeitung.

When the present Free Baptist church was building in Gardiner, Elder John Stephens, with no loss of dignity, assisted the workmen in laying the foundation. One day while digging with his brethren in the trench he was approached by a well known physician, who remarked: "When your

house is finished, parson, you may possibly be bothered to fill it; though I suppose you preachers can get folks into the church easier than you can get them into heaven." "Yes," said Elder John, pausing in his labor, "the clergy can only point the way to heaven; when it comes to getting people there they're obliged to fall back on the doctors."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

THE GOOD TIME COWING.

There's coming up the path of time a gracious epoch when:

The better motives of the heart shall rule the deeds of men;

When politicians cease with lies to mend their party fence,

And office-holders heed the wish of their constituents;

When everyone shall have the thought to watch the words they say,

When all our deeds and motives shall be open as the day,

With thieving, trickery, deceit and fraud we shall have done,

In that uncertain period when Johnny gets his gun.

—Chicago Herald.

THEY BAGGED BRUIN.

A Noble Specimen of the Rocky Mountain Bear Killed Near Helena.

"Where did you get that bear?" asked a stranger yesterday of a butcher in James Blake's meat market, as he entered the latter gentleman's shop, and saw a huge carcass suspended from several hooks.

"I just killed him in the back yard," answered Mr. Blake to the unsophisticated stranger.

"He's been bothering my chickens out there, and prowling around, and I thought it was best to get rid of him." The butcher said all this without cracking a smile and the stranger apparently believed every word.

The crowd who were gazing on the animal supposed the stranger to be a black bear, and stood off and admired old Bruin. The bear on exhibition was viewed by hundreds yesterday and all expressed amazement at its immense size. It is something like a cinnamon, and others think it is a black bear, while many believe it to be a monrel. There was a great deal of discussion and nobody seemed to know just what character of bear it was. It is a monster, however, and when it was brought to the city weighed about 550 pounds, and dressed tipped the beam at 365 pounds. The animal was killed in Neverwest gulch, in the Bear Tooth mountains, twenty-eight miles from here, the hero being Bert Monroe, 20 years of age. Several days ago he was in company with Bert Gleason, B. Lyman, Frank and Anson Mulligan, all of Helena, started on a hunt. They were very fortunate, and besides the bear they killed four deer. The bear has been a prowler in the Bear Tooth range for some time, and has frequently been sighted by the ranchers in that vicinity, who called him Bruin. A few days ago Bruno killed a valuable cow and devoured the animal, some say horns, hoofs and all. Friday the hunting party came across Bruno and young Monroe fired one rifle shot at him, catching him in the breast. This did not kill him, but he roared loudly and fled for the hills at a 240 yard. The flow of blood furnished a good trail and the party started in pursuit and after a hard chase of about five miles overtook the animal. Mon-ro again blazed away at him, and two shots in the head were sufficient to end his career. It was no easy task to load the animal on the wagon, as it weighed eight feet long but this the party managed to do. They at once started for home and reached here yesterday. As the huntersmen drove up Main street with their fine lot of game an enterprising photographer embraced this opportunity to secure a view of a real live Montana hunting party and their big game. The bear will be on exhibition several days yet.

A nice decorated chamber set only \$2.50 at The Ice House.

Little Willie's Toilet.

From Time: Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully. "I'll just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged 4, comes reluctantly from his playthings and Bixby begins:

"Now let off with your night gown and—keep still, dear, or I can't button it. There now, we'll sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirt? Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one, and—keep your head still, half a second! Put up your other arm and stop hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here boy! What under heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on you but a shirt? Now you come here and let me see the rest of your duds on. Stand still! I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go squirming around like an angle-worm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in 10 years. Go to your mother, sir."

The Loan Minner: With a superior Guide.

HARBY, MONT., Nov. 9.—(Special.)—J. A. Chisholm has been mining here near Tunnel No. 1, of the M. C. R. R., through the months of May, June and part of July, and since that time been earning a grub stake. He is now prepared to start work for the winter. On the sixth of last July, while mining and praying for an inside, those blessed emotions, S. M. G., was placed before my eyes on the bottom of a common pair can as I drank this water out of it and turned it bottom side up, to prevent dust from blowing in to it, and those words were pressed to my lips: "Save Me Gold."

I was then starting work on the second location, called the Northern Cross. This same pair can I had used for about two months time as a dipper for dipping water and drinking ten out of. The people that are living around here do not believe in this Miraculous works of our Blessed Redeemer. They know that I am and have been working and living alone here, and that they have always found my cabin locked when I am not at home. They will believe this when they can't help themselves, when it is proven to them. It will be a guide for the people of Montana and a Jar to the world. Respy yours,

J. A. CHISHOLM.

PLUMES

—AND—

FELTHER TIPS

AT LESS THAN

WHOLESALE PRICES!

W. H. BAKER & CO.,

"THE FAIR."

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LOOK HERE!

SPECIAL SALE OF FINE PANTALOONS.

We have now in stock a Complete Line of Pantaloons from the Finest Manufacturers in the United States.

To those who use High Grade work, we would ask a Critical Examination, and feel assured that purchases will follow.

SPECIAL SALE OF UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS!

We have concluded to give up our line of Fifty Cent. Shirts. In order to Expedite the Sale we will, during Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, reduce the price of this Line 20 Per Cent, making the Net Cost of these Shirts Forty Cents Each.

One Price, Square Dealing. HARRIS THE CLOTHIER St. Louis Block, Main Street.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS

This being the season when OVERCOATS are in demand We would call Your Attention to the fact that the

PLYMOUTH CLOTHING HOUSE

is throwing out Greater Inducements than any other house in the city; not only in Overcoats, but also in Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Space does not permit our mentioning all our Bargains. Call and see us.

LEVY & ELIAS, MAIN STREET.

THE CHEEK

of Some People is Appalling.

They Advertise in the Papers one thing and mean Altogether Another.

We are Selling the Same Kind of Ladies' Cloth as that advertised Elsewhere as "French Broadcloth" for \$1.25 per yard. WE NEVER HAD THE NERVE TO ASK MORE THAN \$1.00 FOR THE SAME GOODS, and are selling a Very Nice quality of the Same Kind of Goods for 75c. Per Yard.

Raleigh & Clarke

Always mean just exactly what they Advertise, and do not use Advertising as one means of Deceiving the Public.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The Most Popular Color there is in Ladies' Wearing Apparel this season.

We have the most complete line of Priestley's Celebrated Wool and Silk and Wool Black Dress Goods ever shown in Helena, and are showing some entirely new weaves and extensive designs, such as Barritz Cords, Railway Cords, Corkscrew, Diagonals, Surah Twills, Indian Stripes, Shaded Stripes, Brocade Stripes, Striped Henriettas, Silk Warp Henriettas, Silk Warp Alys Cloth, Silk Warp Draped Alma etc.

We wish to call your Special Attention to this week, where we will offer some Rare Bargains to Buyers of such Goods.

Citizens and Strangers are Cordially Invited to Examine our Goods, Compare Prices, and find out from Actual Experience that the Best Dry Goods in Helena are sold for the Least Money by

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